

UNMAILED LETTER TO d. a. levy

you who on the sixth floor of the county jail
sit in the sink in a full lotus/praying/singing
songs to the other prisoners
when six cops came to take you & yr two friends
away/you kissed yr woman goodbye & smiled &
gave flowers to them

who put the
handcuffs
on yr
skinny
wrists

Do you think the cop on the corner directing
traffic with a daisy/does he know now maybe

what it is
to be loved
by a stranger?

do you think it is not too late to teach these
men/hardened by crime/

that under their badge
there is a heart?

write me from jail
it is important
that i know

- T. L. Kryss

Cleveland, Ohio